An AU by Jabe
TEMPORAL
Troubles

BFDI 1a: Back to Beginning

It was a beautiful day in South Goiky. Twenty or so objects were running around on the endless, grassy plains, talking to friends, pulling pranks, and just generally having a good time (except for the victims of said pranks). This was the life they had always known, and the life they thought they would always have.

Except for one very confused writing utensil.

"...il? Pencil, are you ok?"

Pencil opened her eyes. "uuuuuuUh??" she groaned, sitting up. Standing in front of her was her bestie, Match. "Erg... what happened?"

"I was about to ask you that. One moment, we were talking about how Flower is, like, so afraid of bugs, and the next, you just pass out! Are you ok?"

"Uh... maybe?" She shook her head. "Wait. Haven't we had that conversation before?"

Match frowned slightly. "Nope. I'm, like, pretty sure that you never knew about Flower's fear of-"

"What are you talking about? I've known about that for years."

"Pencil, we haven't even *existed* for, like, years."

The graphite stick's thought process screeched to a halt. "Huh? Actually, no, hang on. I need to get my bearings."

She stood up, took a look around, and slowly realized that she was *not* in North Goiky anymore. For one, the grass was a different shade

of green, and there were almost no trees. She could only see a dozen plus objects, rather than the usual sixty plus. All of the hosts were missing as well. Four, X, Two, the Announcer, Purple Face... not one of them could be seen.

With a start, it hit her that the only objects visible were the original batch that had competed in the first season. And for some reason, she was back in South Goiky. As Pencil continued to watch in confusion, she began to recognize the actions of those around her; Snowball gliding along on his hang glider, Teardrop launching Woody into the air, Firey and Coiny slapping each other on top of Spongy.

An overwhelming mixture of nostalgia and déjà vu washed over her. She had seen all this before. "Match," she said slowly, turning to the woodsicle. "What's today's date?"

Her friend thought about it for a second. "December... no, that's right! It's January, like, 1st now! The very first day of 2010. A whole new decade!"

Pencil staggered back from the revelation this brought. She had no clue how or why, but somehow, she'd been transported *back in time to BFDI 1a.*

She had to sit down from this thought. Words of concern came from Match, but Pencil absorbed none of them as her dizzy brain tried to un-dizzy itself.

Eventually, her mind cleared somewhat, and she examined her surroundings again to see if she could pinpoint exactly what time it was. She spotted Eraser talking to Blocky, Pen, and Snowball in the distance. *He must be complaining about Golf Ball's bossiness,* she mused.

A thought struck her. *Wait, but then that means-*

Slowly, Pencil's eyes drifted to the sky, where she could see a gray, rectangular object falling towards Eraser.

"So yes. Whoever stays on the bar the longest wins."

As everyone slid out of the Announcer's pipe system onto a large, wooden balance beam, Pencil was still reeling slightly from the fact that she was back in BFDI. It was too weird to be real, but it felt too real to be a dream.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Flower shove off several objects from the other side of the beam. *Oh yeah, I remember that. After that... what came after?*

"Let's form an alloiance!"

The familiar words coming from Bubble's mouth washed another wave of nostalgia over her. "That could do no harm!" Match responded.

Pencil smiled. "Let's do it!" *Again,* she internally added.

A high-pitched voice came from behind, as well as the sound of a pen being bowled over. Instinctively, she whirled around and smacked Ice Cube in the face before she could reach them, sending the frozen offender flying off the balance beam.

She gawked at her hand in wonder. Without even meaning to, she had just *changed* history.

"Pencil? Whoit was *that* for?" Bubble asked. "Oice Cube is noice!"

"She was about to knock us all off!"

"Oio."

Slam! The three of them turned around to see Leafy grab onto the balance beam, Pin and Teardrop clinging to her for dear life. "Pull up," demanded Pin.

"I..." Leafy tried, but the combined weight of all three objects was too much for her. "...can't! Oh no! Blocky? Bubble? Anyone? Help!!"

"Don't worry, girls!" Before Pencil realized what she was doing, she had grabbed the plant's arm and was hauling her up. "I'll come to your rescue!"

Match took Leafy's other arm and began to help. In seconds, she, Pin, and Teardrop were safe and sound on the balance beam. "Phew. Thanks, Pencil!" Pin said gratefully.

She didn't respond, instead just staring past the thumbtack. Further along the platform, Snowball and Flower were arguing over something, eventually culminating in Snowball managing to shove Flower into the water. As Pencil continued to watch, Leafy and Pin cheered for SB for getting rid of Flower, which resulted in the former brushing Leafy off, causing Pin to get angry, etc.

Still filled with wonder, Pencil stared down at her hands. She'd heard of the butterfly effect, but had never actually witnessed it until now. *If I hadn't stopped Ice Cube from knocking us and Snowball over,* she realized, *that wouldn't have happened just now. Blocky would have helped Leafy, Pin, and Teardrop get up instead, then Blocky and Flower would have fallen off, and Leafy would have eventually become one of the team captains.*

She glanced back up, where Pin's anger has driven her to get rid of both Blocky and Snowball. *But now Leafy's fallen. Without her, the Squashy Grapes will probably be a different team. Different team captains means different choices, and-*

A realization suddenly hit her. *Different... team captains...*

With Leafy out of the picture, there was an opening for a new team captain. A possibility for a different team. A *better* team.

"Pencil?"

She snapped out of her reverie upon hearing Match's voice. "Huh? What?"

"We've got company." Match and Bubble pointed, and indeed, Pin was approaching the alliance menacingly. With a start, Pencil realized that the four of them were the only ones left up there. Everyone else had either fallen or been pushed into the water.

A devious grin slowly spread across Pencil's face. She still had no idea whatsoever as to how she'd gotten there, but this was her second chance at winning Dream Island, and *hell* if she was going to let it go to waste. "Don't worry, girls. I have a plan."

And with that, she shoved Match and Bubble off as hard as she could, making her and Pin the last two objects still standing atop the balance beam.

Butterfly effect: (in chaos theory) the phenomenon whereby a minute localized change in a complex system can have large effects elsewhere.

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Ok so the origins of this AU are kinda funny. In August of last year, me and my family were spending the end of our summer vacation in Nevada. There was a lot of driving around for a few days, during which I got bored. So I began to think, "if a BFDI contestant competed in BFDI again but with future knowledge, what would change?"

so I used those car rides to sketch out the *entire* AU in three fucking days

Obviously, that was a while ago; I didn't actually do anything else with it until recently. I wasn't sure whether I was going to be able to write it or not, because writing out a competition in story form can be annoyingly tricky, and there are 25 episodes of BFDI...

I *think* I have a solution, though. I'm only going to really focus on the "episodes" that either 1.) are important to the overall plot, or 2.) I can write without it being too short or boring. I pre-wrote a few chapters to test this, and I think it works well enough! (There's a *possibility* I may put multiple episodes that were too short into one longer chapter, but I'm unsure of that right now.)

A couple extra notes:
- I have no idea if I'm going to actually be able to finish this or not (especially since I'm starting college in late August), but I'll try, even
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if it's slow.
- If anyone's interested enough in episodes I *don't* write, let me know and I'll put the outlines for those in JJJ.
- For the episodes I do write, I'm guessing most of them will probably be shorter than the average chapter lengths I have in my other books.
- I'm not entirely sold on the title and cover for this book just yet. In the end, it'll work, but I'm still considering a second option for them. I'll make an announcement if they *do* change.

As far as I know, that's it for now... play Undertale, read Overtaken, stay safe, and so on :)

BFDI 1b: Retake the Plunge

"Now, teams. Choose your team name."

A few minutes had passed since the balance beam contest, and both teams were fully settled. Match and Bubble had forgiven Pencil for pushing them off after she explained that they'd be put on seperate teams otherwise, but otherwise, the team picking went mostly smoothly for them. And now...

While the other members of her team began to loudly talk over one another, Pencil sauntered over to the Announcer and said, "I name my team FreeSmart!"

"FreeSmart? That's not very creative, but alright."

"Whaddya mean? I came up with it myself! See, it's a play on the word 'freedom,' because-"

"No, I know what it is. I meant that it's not very creative to use the same name twice."

It took a moment for what that entailed to sink in, but once it did, a cold sliver of dread trickled down Pencil's graphite spine. She quickly glanced around to make sure no other objects were nearby, but everyone else was still arguing amongst themselves. Leaning in close, she whispered, "You know?"

"Know what?"

"You know... do you *know?"*

"I don't know. Do *you* know?"

"Of *course* I know what I know! I wanted to know if *you* know what I know... because if *you* know what I know, then *I* know that you know

what I know, so that way I would know to... uh..." She trailed off, having confused both of them. "...you know?"

The Announcer simply stared at her (or at least, gave off the impression of staring) for a second, before she finally shook her head and grabbed him. "Look! Do. You. *Know?"*

"Yes," he stated plainly. "I know you're not supposed to be here."

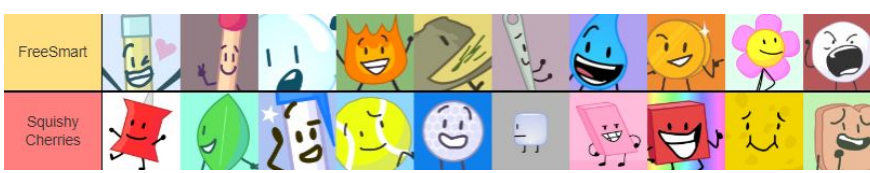
Pencil was expecting that answer, but it was still enough of a shock to make her drop the host and take a few steps back. "So... what? That's it, then?"

"What's it?"

"You're going to send me back, aren't you? Or... I don't know, ban me from competing? Or something?"

The Announcer briefly glanced to the side to check how the other contestants were doing before turning back. "Why bother? This should just make the competition more interesting."

Pencil stared at him in complete disbelief, then rotated and sprinted back to her team before the Announcer could change his mind. As for the host, he cleared his 'throat' and spoke at a much louder volume to be heard over the clamor. "Okay, that's enough. Pencil has named her team FreeSmart. However, because Pin's team can't seem to choose a name, I'll choose one for them. They will now be called the Squishy Cherries." He heard someone complain from within the crowd, but didn't listen.



"Now... it's time for the first contest."

About a quarter of an hour later, Pencil hopped inside the newly-

constructed motorboat. "Looks pretty good! Hop in, everyone!"

Match cheered and jumped in next, followed by Bubble and Teardrop. Flower simply rolled her eyes. "Still waiting on that yacht..."

Firey tried to follow Needle in, but Pencil held her hand up. "Ah, ah, ah! You're not allowed."

"What!" he cried indignantly. "Why not?"

"You're literally made of fire! You could burn our boat down."

"But- oof!" Firey fell over as Coiny pushed him aside and climbed onto the boat. "Oh, you little..."

Coiny turned around and stuck his tongue out. "Ha, ha!"

As they bickered, Pencil grabbed one of the propellers and spun it forcefully, starting the motor. Their boat began to slowly move away, and on the shoreline, Snowball jumped. "Wait! Are you leaving without me??"

"You, like, bet!" jeered Match. Snowball leapt at her, but just face-planted in the water; the boat had picked up more than enough speed to create a gap too large to jump.

"Hang on!" Bubble cried. "Whoit about Rocky?"

The six of them in the boat stared at the shrinking form of Rocky, who sat obliviously on the shoreline, not moving a muscle. "Eh." Needle shrugged.

A scream. Everyone turned, and their eyes were drawn towards the sight of Blocky falling straight into the maw of a massive green fish monster. Seeing the Cherries' rectangular vessel ahead, Pencil muscled her way to the front of the boat and grabbed it. "Everyone, grab a side and start pulling or pushing to the left! We can't hit them!"

"Ah, seriously?" Needle exclaimed, placing her hands on the right side of the boat. Everyone else did the same, and together they managed

to just barely dodge the obstacle in their path.

Coiny felt the deck continue to tilt under his feet. "Uh oh. The boat's leaning too far!"

"To the right, to the right!" ordered Pencil, causing everyone to switch sides. The boat righted itself and then almost immediately began tilting even more. "Wait, no! Left again!!"

"Too loite!" Bubble wailed. Their motorboat flipped over fully just as they hit the shoreline ahead, causing everyone to go in different directions. Bubble popped on impact. While Teardrop flew straight up, Coiny shot forwards and missed the finish line by inches, eventually slamming into a tree far ahead. Match and Needle spun off to opposite sides through the sand, both getting mouthfuls of the stuff. And Pencil rolled forwards a little until she bumped something just hard enough to stun her.

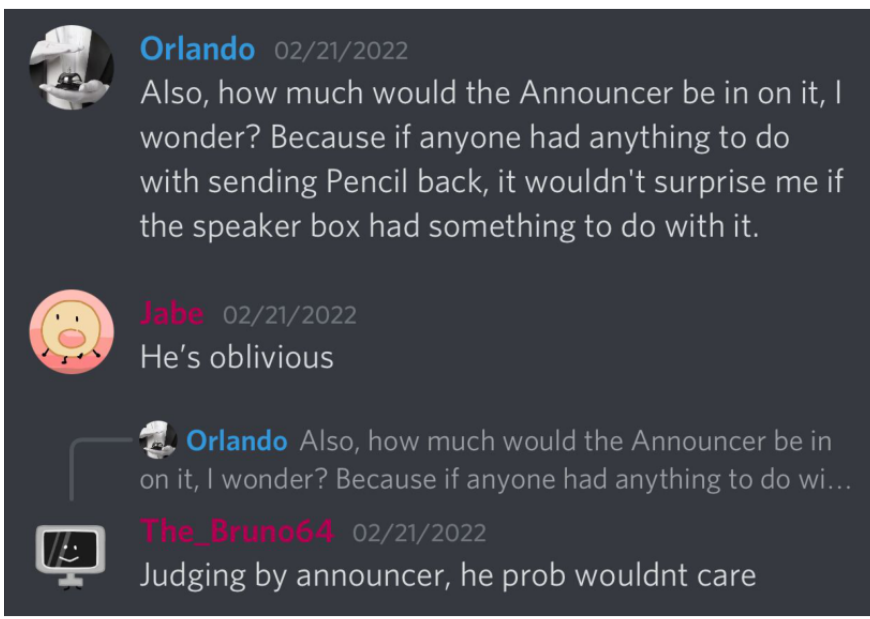
Then, silence. "Amazing entrance, FreeSmart," commented the Announcer sarcastically after a few moments. "Just goes to show how crucial it is to have a steering wheel."

Groggily, Pencil managed to sit up and look around. It took her several seconds to process that she was right next to the finish line, but the moment she did, she grabbed the ribbon and tore it as quickly as she could.

"And Pencil's team, FreeSmart, wins. Which means one of the Squishy Cherries is going home."

The woodsicle weakly pumped her fist into the air.

someone on Discord said this and I agreed so I added it

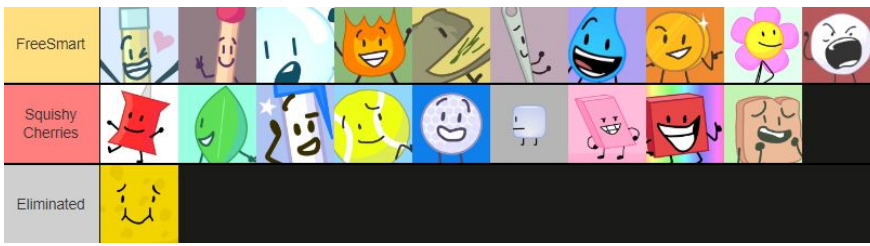

Orlando 02/21/2022
Also, how much would the Announcer be in on it, I wonder? Because if anyone had anything to do with sending Pencil back, it wouldn't surprise me if the speaker box had something to do with it.
Jabe 02/21/2022
He's oblivious
Orlando Also, how much would the Announcer be in on it, I wonder? Because if anyone had anything to do wi...
The_Bruno64 02/21/2022
Judging by announcer, he prob wouldnt care

Orlando 02/21/2022

I find the idea of him knowing, but also not caring, to be funny and pretty in character.

BFDI 2: Carriers and Rock Walls

February 1st, 2010



Pencil absently flipped the Win Token she'd won earlier that day through her fingers as she waited for the Announcer to finish explaining the second contest. She had spectated the Squashy Grapes' Cake At Stake just before, and it was immensely satisfying to watch Spongy become the first contestant eliminated. *Things are still changing,* she thought.

"...Cherries, you are missing a team member," she heard the Announcer say. Despite not being on the Cherries anymore, Pencil perked up and listened more closely. "If you don't find that team member in the next hour, your team automatically loses."

Yes! She pumped her fist. *I knew it! Blocky almost got eaten by that fish monster last episode, so the Cherries are gonna have to waste a bunch of time finding him!*

Announcer beckoned a giant green O over, and the contest began.

59:59
59:58
59:57...

Needle immediately broke into a sprint and almost took the lead,

beaten only by Snowball. More FreeSmarters began to run, but Pin shouted, "Squishy Cherries! Stop!"

All the Cherries came to a halt. "We have to decide who will find Blocky and who will run the course."

"We'll find Blocky!" Pen and Eraser harmonized.

"Leafy, you go too. And... Tennis Ball! Go with them!"

"But Golf Ball and I are a duo..."

"So? Just go already!"

Reluctantly, TB turned to follow the others to the edge of the Goiky Canal. "Golf Ball!" he called out behind him. "Don't wait up, okay?"

Although TB couldn't see her anymore, GB nodded. "It would be a tactical disadvantage to wait. I shall do my best up ahead!"

Pin rolled her eyes at this as she passed the gray globule. Picking up speed, she ran past several other objects, dodging around them with relative ease. She slowed briefly after seeing Pencil, Match, and Bubble just leisurely strolling down the path. *What's THEIR deal?*

52:15

A few more minutes of running brought her to a wall slowly rising from the ground. She leapt with all her might in an attempt to get over it, but at the last second, Teardrop flipped her over mid-air, causing her point to dig into the top of the wall and stick there. "Ack! I'm stuck!"

"Sorry, Pin," apologized Coiny, who had been right behind her. He clambered over and kept going. As Woody and Golf Ball approached Pin, she complained, "Please don't tell me Woody will have to climb me!"

Woody nervously reached out, but Pin shoved him hard before he could do anything. The balsa slab slid backwards; Golf Ball successfully jumped over him, but Rocky didn't. As Woody collided with him and spun off the edge of the obstacle course, Rocky flew

into the air and conveniently landed on the other side of Pin's wall. "Of course," Pin muttered.

46:21

"Hey, I didn't know Pin had, like, an upside-down growth spurt," noted Match as she, Pencil, and Bubble caught up to the thumbtack's wall.

"Oh no." Pencil rushed over to the barrier, looking at it from every angle. "No, no, no, no, no!" she muttered quietly to herself. "I can't believe I forgot that Pin got stuck here! ARGH!"

From behind her, Golf Ball stepped up. "Finally, someone else is here. Get me over that wall!"

"Oh, I'll get you over that wall, alright," a new voice spoke. Everyone turned to see Flower sprint towards Golf Ball at top speed and violently kick her into the air. "Hi-YAH!"

The globule slammed into the barrier, which did absolutely nothing. Flower shrugged. "Welp, I tried. Now YOU guys have to get ME over the wall."

The three FreeSmarters present all shook their heads simultaneously. "Noiver," countered Bubble. "Yoi're too mean!"

"If you don't help me, I'll... I'll kill all of you!"

"You wouldn't!"

"Oh, *yeah?!"* Flower leapt forwards and extended her pointer finger, dramatically popping Bubble. Everyone else gasped. "Now get me over that thing before I push the rest of you off!!"

Pencil gritted her teeth, but conceded; Flower was strong, and probably could have actually beaten both her and Match in a fight. "Fiiiiiine." Reluctantly, she climbed on top of Match and let Flower use them both as ladders to get over Pin's barrier. "Later, losers!" Flower jeered as she ran away, out of sight.

The two woodsicles glanced at each other. "We're going to regret that later, aren't we?"

42:40

Up ahead, Flower slowed to a stop as she reached a rock-climbing wall. Needle was scaling the wall while Ice Cube and Rocky watched from below, unable to climb. "ICE CUBE!" the plant shouted, nearly scaring her poor teammate to death. "Where's everybody else?"

Not wanting to get punted, Icy stammered out an answer. "Firey, Coiny, and Teardrop are already past the rock wall! Needle keeps falling! I-I don't know where anyone else is!!"

An obnoxiously loud *SLAM* came from above, and a second later, Needle landed on the ground. "Aw, seriously?" she protested.

"Needle!" Flower turned to her. "You have arms! Get me over this wall!"

Needle shook her head. "What?! Why not?? We're on the same team!"

"I'll only help you if you ask nicely."

"Grr!!" Enraged *(but what's new?)*, Flower grabbed Rocky and threw him as hard as she could at Needle. He bounced right off her and soared away, while the force of the toss knocked Needle off the edge and into the Failure's Waiting Room.

Flower stood there for a moment, breathing heavily, before looking at the rock wall. "I guess I'll have to do this myself..."

39:18

"Jump, jump, jump! The higher we are, the-"

"Match, jumping isn't gonna work."

"Aw, come on, Pencil! You won't know if you don't, like, at least try!"

"I just *know* it won't work."

As the woodsicles bickered, Golf Ball spotted a group of objects approaching them. "Hey!" she yelled, causing Pencil and Match to perk up. "TB, there you are! Help me over!"

Tennis Ball, flanked by Leafy and Pen, nodded. But before he had a chance, Pencil grabbed the fuzzy sphere and yeeted him at the wall Pin was stuck on. His weight caused the barrier to bend, crack, and finally snap, taking Pin and Pen with it into the Failure's Waiting Room.

"Hey!" barked GB. "Don't be so reckless with my friend!"

Pencil ignored her, instead choosing to grab Match's arm and start rushing ahead. "Woah! Like, what gives?"

"We're really far behind! We've gotta go, super fast, to make up for lost time!"

The duo made it to the rock-climbing wall in record time, the globules and Leafy right behind them. Flower fell to the ground in front of everyone with an *oof,* having been knocked off by a boxing glove. "More people? Good! Someone help me up!"

"I'll help you, Flower!" Leafy replied enthusiastically. "You too, Icy!"

"Not with Flower!"

"Oh... uh, how about you, then, Golf Ball?"

GB nodded. "Your arms will be very useful."

Nodding back, Leafy plopped GB down on her head, then helped push Flower up the wall. Pencil completely ignored all of this and pulled Match around the side path. "Woah, Pencil!" exclaimed Match. "How'd you, like, know this was here?"

"Cause I'm SuperSmart!" Pencil replied. *Cause I watched this episode in the future,* she thought. Then: *Wait, is it I *watched* it, or I *will**

watch it? Time travel is confusing.

As Leafy assisted her pals, Tennis Ball noticed the side route. "Ice Cube, look!" he said, nudging her.

"Oh! Yay!" she exclaimed. They followed the woodsicles.

Above them, Leafy threw Golf Ball and Flower to the top of the rock wall. "Yes!" Flower cheered. "High five!"

"I don't have hands," informed Golf Ball.

"High foot, then! Whatever!"

GB grumbled as she reluctantly held out her foot. Leafy pulled herself up and joined them. "Let's go!"

The three of them jumped onto the elevator nearby, which took them back to ground level. They hopped off just as Tennis Ball and Ice Cube passed by. "We didn't fall too far behind!"

They continued. Up ahead, Pencil and Match could be seen leaping through a narrowing gap across from a large pitfall. Icy leapt next and slid through, but Tennis Ball barely missed the jump. Looking back, Match saw it happen. "Poor TB. But, he's not on our team, so, eh."

Reaching the ski lift first, Pencil climbed on, then jumped ahead to the next one. "Match, cmon, we gotta hurry!"

"But why do we need to jump from chair to chair? Can't we just, like, relax on one?"

"Look up."

Both of them glanced towards the sky to see a small, gray speck far above them. "See that? That's Rocky, plummeting towards Earth at a million miles an hour. He's going to land on this lift and break it, and if we're on it when he does, we're going down, too. Capiche?"

Match started to copy Pencil's actions.

A little ways back, Golf Ball and Ice Cube had just climbed onto a seat of their own, with Flower just behind them. "Ice Cube, listen up," GB started. "Now that Tennis Ball and Leafy have fallen off, we are the only members of our team still in this. If we want to win, we will have to work together, and we will probably have to work hard. Whatever comes next, will you be willing to do exactly as I say?"

Icy nodded. "Good. Let's win this."

They hopped off the ski lift moments before Rocky finally got to their level and tore through the lift's lines. Flower, the last object still aboard, shrieked as she plummeted into the pit below.

Rushing forwards, the two armless teammates reached the final obstacle – finding a needle in a haystack. Pencil and Match were both sifting through a pile of straw already, while Firey and Teardrop could be seen at the end, next to FreeSmart's bucket. Teardrop had already started filling it, but Firey wasn't helping, choosing instead to just fiddle with his recently-acquired Win Token.

Walking to the nearest stack, Ice Cube cautiously poked her foot in and immediately stabbed herself on a needle. She winced and pulled her leg out, careful not to dislodge the sharp implement. "Golf Ball! I found one!" she called out.

"What?!" shrieked Match and Pencil, but Golf Ball just gestured for Icy to go to the gate. She obliged, held up her prize, and the two walked in together. "Ah man, Match, we gotta find ourselves a needle! Fast!!"

(spoiler alert: they don't find a needle fast lol)

00:02
00:01
00:00

"Beep. Time's up."

At hearing the Announcer's voice, Pencil threw down her bucket and collapsed to the ground, exhausted. "Uhhhhhhggg."

Announcer hopped over to the two team's buckets and inspected them closely. As he did that, Match, Teardrop, Icy, and GB also dropped their buckets. Firey simply looked up, having not actually done any work. "Hmmm. These containers are very close to having the same amount of water. It's hard to tell, but... I think FreeSmart barely wins."

Teardrop exhaled in relief, while Golf Ball and Icy stamped their feet in frustration. "Rats. We worked so hard! We should have had that!"

"Given the circumstances, you two did very well and should be proud of yourselves. But nonetheless, you still lost. Again. So, viewers, choose someone on the Squishy Cherries to vote..."

While the Announcer rambled to the viewers about voting, Pencil lifted herself just high enough to look at Fiery. "Match and I... lost so much time... finding... a needle..." She had to breathe deeply between each word. "Why... didn't you... help Teardrop?"

"Water's my poison! It was too dangerous to handle!"

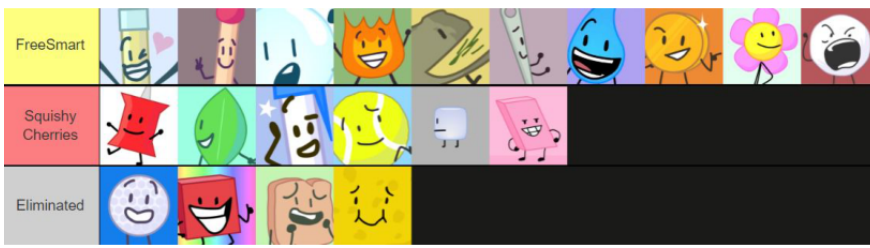
Pencil shot him a murderous glare and uttered, "You're... dead... to me," before proceeding to pass out.

[Current Win Token count: Pencil x1, Firey x1]

BFDI 5: Bridge Burning

(A/N: I purposefully skipped over episodes 3 and 4 because they would have been too boring/repetitive. If you need a better reminder on why I'll be skipping a few episodes, re-read my notes at the end of chapter 1.)

May 1st, 2010



"Girls, look! I stole the test answers from the Announcer! Let's use these to get high scores, but make sure to get two wrong on purpose so he doesn't suspect anything."

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"Match, maybe we shouldn't play Spongy Cake with our mini selves. You could start a fire..."

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"We should make a cake that looks like the Announcer — that'll guarantee a high score from him!"

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"That dirt isn't gonna work, Coiny. Here's five bucks; go get a strawberry slice from Leafy instead..."

Every time Pencil thought back to something she'd said or done in a previous contest, a small smile would appear on her face. Things had been going quite well. FreeSmart had gone four contests in a row without losing, and not only did she have *two* Win Tokens, but she'd helped Bubble and Match each score one as well. *If I keep doing this, there's no WAY I won't win Dream Island.*

She rubbed her hands together as both teams approached the bridge for the contest. *If I remember correctly,* Pencil recalled, *the only reason this bridge broke was because Snowball threw Rocky at Golf Ball and hit the bridge instead. But that bozo brain just left the competition, which means it's safe!*

...still better to be cautious, though. "Hey Bubble, Firey," she called out. "You two are the lightest people on our team. You should go first!"

"Oi guess that moikes sense," Bubble agreed. She followed Firey and began to cross the deep chasm. *Oh yeah, this'll be a piece of Announcer cake,* thought Pencil.

Then something quite unfortunate happened. Firey tripped on a tiny gap between two of the wooden planks and smacked his face against the bridge. It was immediately set ablaze, destroying itself within a matter of seconds. Bubble popped, and Firey fell screaming towards the water far, far below.

As Pencil and Match gawked at Firey's shrinking form, Leafy noticed Pen pointing out a second bridge to the right. Turning to Ice Cube, she asked, "Icy, do you still want revenge?"

To her relief, Icy shook her head. "How's this: I'll help you cross the bridge."

"Ooh, ooh!" Flower jumped over. "I wanna come, too!"
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"Sure! Let's all go together!"

Despite Icy's dislike of Flower, she reluctantly followed them onto the wooden bridge. Pen and Eraser soon came on board behind them, and seeing them arrive, Flower pushed past Leafy and Icy. "That Win Token is MINE!" she crowed.

Her cries of triumph attracted the attention of everyone else. They stared as Pen, Leafy, Icy, and Eraser all made it across. "How long has that second bridge been there?" Tennis Ball questioned.

Pencil snapped out of her shocked state and pointed dramatically. "Everyone, onto that bridge!"

"Wait!" cried TB. "Too many people at once will break it!"

But his protests went unheard. Eight objects charged towards the chasm and simultaneously climbed onto the bridge, making it sag dangerously. "Yes!" Coiny cheered as he made it through unscathed, Match and Pin right behind him.

Then Snowball — who was in last — stepped on, and that was the final straw. The bridge broke from Snowball's end, taking him, Pencil, and Rocky with it. Needle and Teardrop leapt forwards at the last possible second and landed safely on the other side, barely avoiding a terrifying fall.

"Hold it, hold it," the Announcer spoke. "Five people from each team crossed, which means it's currently a tie. But since Tennis Ball is the only other person still on the first side, and there's no way he could cross now, we need a tiebr-"

"WAIT!"

Curious at the interruption, the Announcer glanced across the gorge to see Pin frantically waving at him. "We can still get Tennis Ball across!" she called out.

"Hmm." The host was skeptical. "I seriously doubt that. But I'd like to see you try."

Pin quickly turned to her teammates and began to tell them a plan.

Soon, under her order, she had created a totem pole of sorts — Eraser at the bottom, Pen standing on him, Pin standing on *Pen,* and Leafy at the very top. Each object was holding the legs of the one above them. Poor armless Ice Cube was left out. "Now, Eraser!" Pin shouted.

Eraser let himself topple forward, making sure to keep his feet on the edge. The others fell with him. Just as they were about to go past the point of no return, Leafy grabbed the other edge of the canyon, locking herself in place. Together, the four of them formed a living bridge.

Gingerly, Tennis Ball stepped onto Leafy's back. She grunted, but held tight. TB slowly and unsteadily continued to walk along his teammates' backs.

From the bottom of the chasm, Pencil and Snowball stared upwards in wonder. (Rocky had already sunk.) "No way," Pencil whispered.

After a very tense twenty seconds, TB planted his feet firmly on the opposite side of the rift. "I... I did it!"

"Wow!" The Announcer was about as shocked as everybody else. "Incredible. You've truly impressed me. With that, the Squishy Cherries have finally landed a victory, so someone from FreeSmart will be going home next episode."

Eraser's legs felt wobbly from holding the others up. "Uh, Announcer thing? I think I'm starting to slip."

"Don't worry, Eraser. You've already won. You can let go."

"Oh good." And with that, he dropped like a stone, taking his teammates with him.

Outraged, Pencil threw her arms into the air in disbelief, accidentally whacking Snowball in the face. "They can't win like that! This isn't fair!"

"Hey!" complained Snowball, smacking her back. "Don't hit me!"

Pencil slapped him again. "Don't hit *me!"*

Snowball growled, and the argument devolved into a sissy fight, which promptly ended when the majority of the Squishy Cherries landed on top of them.

[Current Win Token count: Pencil x2, Firey x1, Match x1, Bubble x1, Leafy x1, Flower x1]

why are there no good synonyms for "bridge" in this context. I'm tired of using that word. fuck

also sorry for not uploading this chapter sooner. it's been fully written for a while, I just completely forgot 💀

BFDI 6: Power of (Dividing by) Two

June 1st, 2010

"Hello, FreeSmart. Looks like your long winning streak is finally over."

Pencil narrowed her eyes at the Announcer, still a little salty about what happened last episode. She and the nine other FreeSmarters were sitting at the Cake At Stake area, in a rough circle around the host. "Ha, ha. Don't taunt us."

"Shush. I can taunt you all I like. Anyway, welcome to your first elimination. Do you all know the rules?"

"Just get on with it!" Firey complained.

"Fine, I'll tell you the abbreviated version. If you get no cake, you leave BFDI. But the cake was too expensive, so I got nine cupcakes instead." As he spoke, the previously mentioned confectionary prizes fell from the sky and landed next to him. "We got 13 votes; that's one fewer than last time. It's the first time it's ever gone down... I want to cry now. I really do."

Match harrumphed. "Yeah, I don't, like, think so."

The Announcer turned to her. "Match, you and four others on your team each have at least one Win Token. Would any of you like to use one?"

She considered it, but eventually shook her head. Firey and Bubble followed suit.

"I will." Pencil tossed one of her tokens over to the host. *Just in case.*

"I will, too!"

Everyone glanced over at the loud-mouthed Flower, who had just spoken. Several of them had been hoping that she'd get the boot, but that was unlikely now. She met the blank stares with another blank stare. "What?"

"Alright, then." Announcer snatched up Flower's token and placed it next to Pencil's. "Only two of you got zero votes. Firey."

"THANK you! I needed to hear that!"

"You're not one of them."

"Oh my gosh! No fair!"

"Haha, just kidding. Here's your cupcake."

The cupcake hit him in the face, knocking him over. Pencil chuckled a little at this; she found the Announcer juking out Firey just as funny as the first time. "Teardrop is the other person with no votes," the speaker continued. Teardrop gave a thumbs up as she caught her treat. "Bubble, Match, and Coiny, you all got one vote apiece."

"A piece?" questioned Match. "A *PIECE?* You know..."

Pencil smiled and rolled her eyes at Match's 'apiece' ramble, which fortunately didn't last as long as it originally had. "The next ones safe," Announcer continued, "are Rocky and Pencil at two votes each. Although Pencil technically now has one vote after using her Win Token."

A wave of relief washed over the woodsicle as she snatched her cupcake and bit into it. She began to tune out the rest of the elimination; she and her alliance were all good, so there was no more need to pay attention.

Swallowing the final crumbs a minute after, she crumpled her wrapper and looked up just in time to see Snowball get flung away by the Announcer. *That makes sense. A shame Flower didn't go, but good riddance nonetheless. Win Tokens are really powerful.*

She realized she probably wasted a Win Token of her own; through all her anxiety, she failed to remember how long it took in the original BFDI for her to get any votes whatsoever. Better safe than sorry, though...

A short amount of time later...

The newly-created Team 1 — consisting of the alliance — flawlessly leapt onto the balance beam leading to the contest's first island and began to sprint across. "We're in first!" Pencil crowed. "We're *so* going to win this!" *And with that pesky Snowball not here to knock us off,* she added internally, *we actually might.*

It's always a bad idea to tempt fate. No sooner had she thought that, then she heard an all-too-familiar voice. "Out of our *way!"* Flower came up from behind and roughly shoved her way to the front, knocking all three of them into the water.

Resurfacing, Pencil spewed out a gallon of water as she watched Team 5 — Coiny, Needle, and Flower — continue ahead. She hadn't considered that Flower still being in the game would make her an unpredictable factor. *I'll have to keep an eye on her...*

Fortunately for them, it didn't take long to swim over, but by the time they reached the first island, Teams 4 and 5 had already made it over. Tennis Ball was suggesting to his team that they should split up, so that they could look in multiple safes at once. "Man, that's a good strategy," murmured Pencil, placing her hands on her hips. "Why didn't we do that?"

"Hm?" Match glanced at her.

"Oh, I was just thinking that TB has a good strategy. We should split up and each look at different safes."

"Ooh. Nice, like, plan." She and Bubble strolled off in opposite directions. Pencil began to inspect the field of safes from afar. "Now, let's see if I can't remember which one our raft was in..."

She suddenly groaned as a realization came to her. "Aw, jeez. I was *inside* one of those safes when they found our raft. I've got no clue where it is!"

Some more time later...

"Phew!" Firey exhaled a sigh of relief as he, Rocky, and Teardrop climbed off their raft and onto Island 2. "I'm glad that's over with. All that water was making me nervous..."

He noticed Teardrop gesturing somewhere, and followed her pointing with his eyes. "Hey!" he exclaimed in surprise, noticing several other objects attempting to create stacks of blocks. "Three teams are still here! We're still in this! Quick, Teardrop — go climb one of the poles

to make up for lost time. I'm gonna go knock someone's stack over!"

Teardrop nodded loyally, then used Rocky as a stepping stone to get some height. Firey ran over to Team 1's stack and shoved it over, causing Match and Pencil to fall from above and slam into the ground. "Ha ha!" he taunted.

From two poles over, Eraser spotted what was going on. "Hey, that seems like a pretty good idea." With barely any effort, he took two steps over to the base of Team 5's tower and kicked it. Coiny faceplanted next to several blocks a moment later.

"Oi! Eraser!" complained Flower. "Buzz off!"

"No, I don't think I will. What are you gonna do about it?"

"This!!" And she drew her leg back and punted Eraser into the stratosphere. "Ha!!"

Coiny pushed himself to his feet. "Don't worry about it, Flower. Check out what I grabbed right before I fell!" He opened his palm, revealing a small, bronze key.

"Nice job!" Needle high-fived him happily.

As the three of them boarded their wooden raft, Pen shouted down from the top of Team 2's stack. "Pin! I got the key! But what do we do about Eraser?"

"Forget him and let's keep moving!" Pin called back. "Flower kicked him in the direction of Island 3! We might be able to meet him there!"

"But... ah, man." Pen sighed, realizing his teammate was right. He leapt from the stack, stumbling upon hitting the ground but quickly turning it into a roll. He came up running and slid onto his raft next to Pin, who had already pushed it out into the ocean. "We're gonna have to go super fast if we want to beat them." Pin simply nodded.

A quick minute of rowing brought them to the challenge's third island, where Team 5 was boarding their raft again. Seemed as if their key was a dud. "Rats," Pin spat as they landed. "Eraser's not

here!"

Eraser then dropped from the sky and knocked Pen flat. "Oh. Never mind." Pin grabbed the key from Pen's outstretched hand, inserted it into the lock, and dragged the boys through the now open doorway.

The room inside was ridiculously large and completely empty, save for the Announcer waiting at the opposite end. "Pen, Eraser, Pin," he spoke, his robotic voice reverberating around the space, "you're the first team to finish. You each get a Win Token."

"Woo!"

"Leave."

A hidden spring activates underneath the trio of objects, propelling them into the air. Announcer nearly put himself into sleep mode to wait for the next team, until he noticed that the door had never shut. He continued looking to see Needle force the door open and enter, Coiny and Flower hot on her heels. "Hm. Interesting. Team 5, although you didn't actually get a working key, you still technically finished. You're safe."

"YES!" All three of them high-fived each other before a second spring sent them skyrocketing.

"Got it!" Bubble exclaimed, yanking the key from its rope.

"Come back quickly!" cried Pencil. She pointed in the direction of Island 3. "Team 4 is already on their way, and Team 3 is leaving right now!!"

Realizing the urgency of their situation, Bubble jumped and was caught by Match. The woodsicle sprinted to their team's raft with

Bubble in her arms and deposited her onto the wooden surface. They joined Pencil's frantic paddling.

It was going to be tight. Team 4 had already crossed the finish line, and they were gaining on the remaining team, but slowly. "Paddle fast, fast, fast!"

Both teams were seconds away, and Pencil realized they weren't going to make it in time. Out of the blue, an idea popped into her head — something she'd done multiple times in BFDIA. If it had worked then...

Standing up, Pencil sprinted to the front of their raft and lunged forwards, nearly overturning it. She landed on the edge of the other team's raft moments before it would have docked at Island 3, completely flipping it over. Firey plunged into the water and almost immediately disintegrated, his screeches fading away on the wind.

Everyone stared at the spot where Firey died in shock. Pencil had intended to grab Rocky and yeet him in some random direction. *Welp,* she thought. *That works, too.*

Her team's boat bumped against the final island, bringing her back to reality. Wiping the water off her face, she climbed back onto dry land and dashed through the door the moment Bubble opened it.

"Bubble, Pencil, Match, you're Team 1. You're all safe. Leave!"

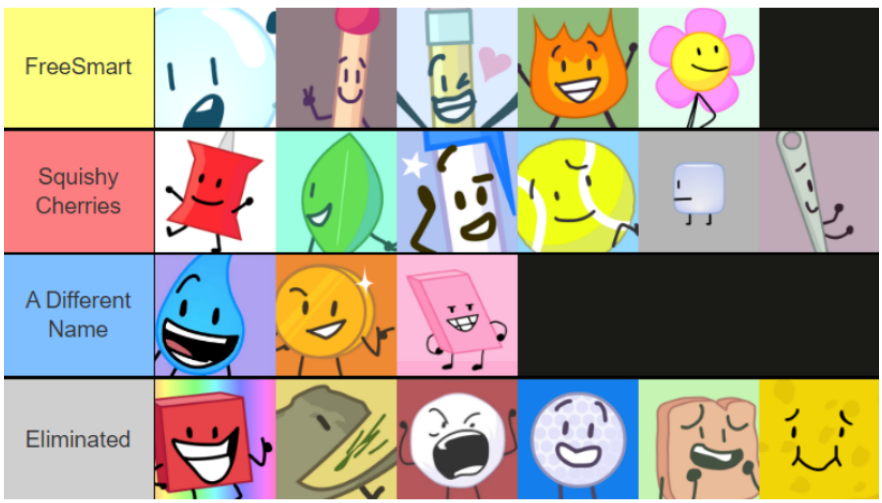
All three of them breathed a collective sigh of relief as they were sprung into the air.

[Current Win Token count: Pencil x1, Firey x1, Match x1, Bubble x1, Leafy x1, Eraser x1, Pen x1, Pin x1]

BFDI Double Feature! (Eps. 10 and 11)

BFDI 10: Cry About It

October 1st, 2010



As the Announcer initiated the crying contest, Pin watched the other teams through her own tank. Pencil was trying (and failing horrifically) to cry, while Firey was trying *not* to cry. Most of the others were having varying levels of success, except for Teardrop and Eraser, who stood around doing nothing. Glancing behind her at the other Squishy Cherries, she saw that they weren't making much progress and groaned.

Then she looked back at FreeSmart and got an idea. Quickly reaching over and into their tank, she grabbed Firey by the arms and held him next to Ice Cube. The latter screamed until she was melted completely, and Pin tossed Firey back into his tank.

Her teammates stared at her. "What?"

"How could you?" Leafy lamented. "That was mean! That was *meeeaaan!!"*

"Hey, I didn't see any of *you* actually accomplishing anything!"

The Announcer hopped over. "Boop. Time's up."

Firey blinked. "Already? Really?"

"Yes. And since you all got some water, I guess it's a tie."

In complete shock, the Squishy Cherries stared at him before turning to the other tanks. "Are you serious, speaker box?" Pin complained. "We have so much more than everyone else! And- and look at A Different Name! They don't have anything at *all!"*

"They do, actually."

"Where??"

"They have Teardrop. Duh."

"Wha-"

"The tiebreaker is a skiing contest. Try to get to the finish line ASAP. Oh, and we could only afford one pair of skis for each team. Now go."

Match immediately climbed up Flower's petals. "What- hey! Geddoff!" She swiped at the intruding matchstick.

"But I've just *gotta* sit up here. You're, like, the biggest one on our team, so you're the only one of us who can, like, hold the rest of us up!"

There was a pause, and then Flower sighed dejectedly. "I hate that you're right," she muttered, reminding Pencil of Fanny and causing her to giggle. Even Flower could recognize that there wasn't a way out of that.

All three teams boarded their skis, with the Squishy Cherries on Tennis Ball and A Different Name atop Eraser.

But just as everyone began their descent, Flower came to a terrible realization. "Guys!" she spoke, suddenly very nervous at the prospect of tripping. "I just remembered that I don't know how to ski!!"

Various complaints came from above. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the Cherries coming closer. "Don't worry, Flower!" called out Leafy from atop TB. "It's easy! Just lean a little to the left or right when you want to turn, and make a wedge with the front tips of your skis to brake! If you want to go faster, bend your knees!"

Not wanting to wipe out, and with nothing else to try, she bent her knees experimentally. FreeSmart's speed increased almost immediately, and Flower laughed with delight. "Thank you, Leafy!!" she shouted, lowering herself again as to pull ahead.

Leafy proudly watched her go, right up to the point where Pin slapped her in the face. The other Cherries gasped. "That's the LAST STRAW!" she yelled. "What's *wrong* with you? I've been watching you help out Flower for *months* now, even though she's on a *completely different* team, and I'm SICK of it!"

Her skin stinging from the wind and from the smack, Leafy turned to face Pin, eyes filled with anger. "So what? Is making friends such a crime?"

"When they're not on the same team, *yes!"*

"Do you just want to win, then? Is that it?"

"YES!! Isn't that why we're *all* here? To *win* Dream Island?"

"Maybe, but I'm *also* here to make new pals and lend a helping hand! And if winning's all you want, then maybe killing a *teammate* isn't something you should do..."

One of Tennis Ball's skis skimmed a rock on the slope, making him wobble, but Pin and Leafy didn't even notice. "What's going *on* up there? Why are you guys steering with only one pole?"

"There's a little bit of drama!" replied Needle, doing her best with the aforementioned tool. "Pen, grab Leafy's pole and help me out, would ya?"

Pen reached out and placed a hand on their second pole, held by a preoccupied Leafy, just as TB hit a large bump and went airborne. "Too late!" he shrieked, covering his face. "We're going down!!"

And down they went. TB landed face-first and began to roll the moment he hit the ground, enveloping his entire team in a massive snowball. Crossing the finish line in last place, they rolled right by the FreeSmarters (who were celebrating their victory) and slammed into a wall at the end, making the snowball violently burst apart.

"And it looks like the Squishy Cherries have lost. Again."

Pin and Leafy emerged from the mess, both of them spitting out snowflakes. "Our alliance is over," uttered Pin, glaring daggers.

Leafy glared right back. "If that's how you wanna be, then that's fine by me."

[Current Win Token count: Pencil x1, Firey x1, Match x1, Bubble x1, Leafy x1, Eraser x1, Pen x1, Pin x1]

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BFDI 11: Teaming Up, Up, Up

November 1st, 2010

"Pen and Pin got nine and fifteen votes, respectively. But because Pen used his Win Token, Leafy takes his place in the bottom two with Pin."

"What!!" Pin clapped her hands to her head, incredulous. "I want to use my Win Token now!"

"Too late. And even if you had, you still would have been in the bottom two no matter what."

Before the thumbtack could protest any further, two mechanically-controlled steel platforms scooped her and Leafy up and brought them over to the Tiny Loser Chamber, where the FreeSmarters were waiting eagerly. "Leafy and Pin, FreeSmart will either vote you onto their team... or to be eliminated."

Leafy turned to Pin with a mournful expression. "I can't believe it's just the two of us, Pin. Whichever one of us goes, I'll miss you!"

She was met with a confused look. "Um... didn't you hate me before? We broke up our alliance, remember?"

"Well, I decided a little argument shouldn't end a friendship!"

This didn't help clear up Pin's confusion.

"Aaaaaaaaanyway," Pencil drawled to get rid of the awkward silence, "I choose Leafy to be on our team."

"Hey! I was, like, *just* about to say the same thing!" noted Match.

Bubble nodded. "I also want Leafy. Pin's too sharp for me..."

"Leafy!!" Firey and Flower cheered in unison.

Pin's stomach dropped. Then her body dropped into the TLC.

Firey shrieked as the Announcer deleted the floor underneath him, only to find that his balloon held him up. "Oh." He heard Coiny laugh at him from a distance.

"So the 11th contest is to try to stay up in the air. Last team standing wins. Also, over there is a basket of nails to throw at others. Help

yourself and begin."

Everyone began to grab handfuls of nails. "A Different Name!" Needle called, attracting the attentions of Coiny, Eraser, and Teardrop. "FreeSmart has more members than either of our teams. We should team up to get them out first!"

"Fine by me," Eraser agreed nonchalantly. Pen, Coiny, and Teardrop nodded, with Ice Cube saying nothing. She couldn't really do anything, after all. And Tennis Ball had already fallen before the contest even started.

Pencil flawlessly blocked a trio of projectiles flying towards her from Coiny's direction. As gravity took hold of the nails, she glanced over to see Firey adjusting Bubble's string. Her eyes widened. "Wait, Firey, no-!"

pop

"...never mind..."

A distance away, Eraser was having some serious trouble hitting Leafy. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he spotted Flower take out Coiny by chomping on his balloon. "Hey!" he shouted angrily, switching his focus to her. She fell within a matter of seconds. "First Pen, now Coiny..."

He turned back to Leafy just in time to witness a nail fly above his head. *Pop!* He dropped like a stone.

"Aighty, who's left..." Pencil muttered to herself. Upon spotting Ice Cube all on her lonesome, she narrowed her eyes and took aim. "Ah... perfect."

Twin bursts from behind her. She immediately whirled around only to see Teardrop using Needle's point as a weapon. Far below, Firey and Match were plummeting towards the ground. "You!!" screeched the woodsicle. "I'll *get* you for that!!" She flung her nail as hard as she could at the offending object. Teardrop let go of her friend and scrambled away from the line of fire, but a disoriented Needle took the fall.

Pencil reached into that strange little pocket dimension that all objects seem to have, before realizing she'd used the last of her ammo. She spotted the basket a few feet away and 'swam' through the air to get to it, hearing another *pop* in the background as she did so. *Leafy,* her instincts told her.

Reaching the container, the writing utensil snatched up a handful of ammo and turned to face her final opponent. Ahead, Teardrop tensed. Both contestants raised their arms and flung their weapons at each other with as much power as they could possibly muster. The nails sailed through the air dramatically. Most of them collided or fell short...

...but two made it through. One hit Teardrop's balloon, and the other struck Pencil's less than a second after. They both fell to earth, leaving only one other contestant remaining.

If the Announcer could have blinked in surprise, he would have. "Wow! In an incredible photo finish, Pencil barely managed to pop Teardrop's balloon first, which means A Different Name loses for the second time. And as the last object still floating, Ice Cube wins by default."

Icy glanced about, only just realizing that she was the final one in the air. "Yay!"

"Here is a Win Token," the host continued dryly, "which you earned by doing absolutely nothing." He flung the emerald prize towards Icy at a high speed, which shattered her on impact. "Oh. Whoops."

[Current Win Token count: Pencil x1, Firey x1, Match x1, Bubble x1, Leafy x1, Eraser x1, Ice Cube x1]

decided to combine these two "episodes" cause individually they were relatively short

hope this satisfies yall till I find the motivation to finish the next chapter of Overtaken

BFDI 15: The Pre-Reveal

March 1st, 2011

"There is only one nickel left. Match, Needle, one of you will be eliminated."

Pencil chewed on her nails nervously. A lucky coin toss in episode 13 had saved Match from her usual elimination, but an unlucky one last episode led to this. She knew Match wasn't super well-liked by the viewers. There was a chance she'd still lose her best friend, even after staying for an extra episode...

"Match."

Both woodsicles held their breath.

"You're eliminated."

A *ding* on the tv screen nearby revealed the votes, confirming Match's elimination. *"NO!"* screeched Pencil, burying her face in her hands. "Not again..."

Fortunately for her, that last part was too muffled for anyone else to understand. She barely even heard Match's last words before the firestarter was lasered away, and when she finally uncovered her face, Bubble was staring at her with concern. "Ooh, Poincil, whoit do we doio when Match's gone?"

"I don't know..."

A familiarly high-pitched voice came from behind, and Pencil turned to find Ice Cube, hoping for a chance at joining the alliance. She balled her fists. Icy had never accomplished much for the alliance the first time around. In fact, if she was remembering correctly, Icy had essentially done diddly squat. She was probably the poorest

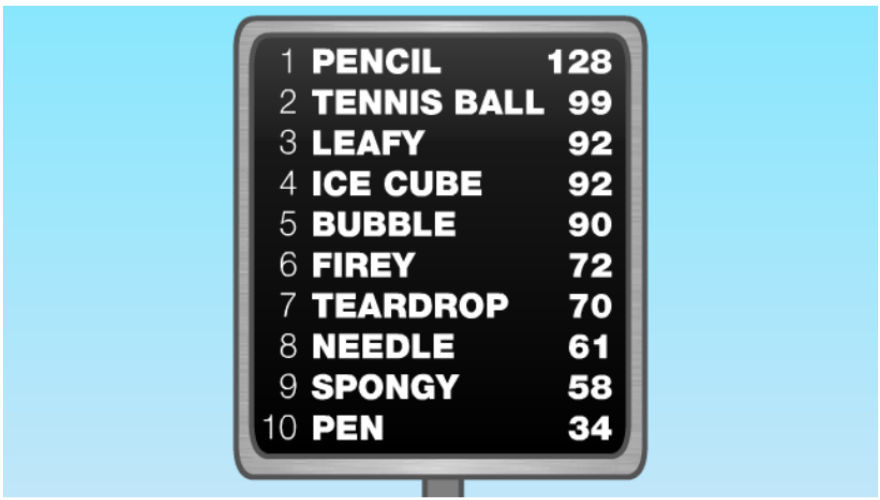
"substitution" for Match she'd ever seen.

But Pencil said none of that. Instead, she simply said, "No. Now buzz off."

A big frown formed on Icy's face, and she sulked away over to Needle, which elicited a pointed glare from the pointed object. "Poincil!" Bubble complained. "Thoit was rude!"

"So what??" snapped Pencil. "She never would've been a good replacement for Match, anyway! I was doing us a favor."

Bubble opened her mouth to protest, then saw the expression on her friend's face and thought better of it. "Oif you soi so..."



The Announcer hopped onto a little platform just inside the rim of the contest location. Pencil never thought she'd be standing inside a giant barf bag *twice* in her lifetime, yet there she was. "You're all floating in a large barf bag," the host told her, Bubble, Ice Cube, Teardrop, and Needle. "For every second you stay on top of your island, you earn one point. Go."

*I'm glad Rocky's not here to make the colored water *actually* vomit this time,* thought Pencil while narrowing her eyes at Needle. From a floating platform nearby, she heard Bubble speak. "Poincil, woi could probably just get a million points oif woi stay hoire forever!"

"Yeah, yeah." Pulling out the bowling ball she had on her, she took careful aim and hurled it at Needle.

But the sewing tool had seen her. She caught the projectile with a grunt and heaved it back in Pencil's direction. Pencil dodged it, but the ball continued past her and punched a hole straight through the side of the barf bag. She gasped and pulled out a pillow.

While she was distracted with the leak, Teardrop took the opportunity to grab two handfuls of colored water and chuck them at Ice Cube and Bubble, scoring two direct hits. "Teardrop!" Needle scolded. "Don't treat Icy like that!"

To this, TD just shrugged nonchalantly. She turned back to Pencil and saw a watery projectile heading her direction, but Needle managed to reach out and intercept it just in time. She flung it right back at the stunned writing utensil, who wasn't able to dodge this time. "Woo! We're the last ones standing, TD!" They high-fived.

Pencil quickly resurfaced, coughing up liquid. "Eughh! A-Announcer!" she spluttered. "This- this is *actually* vomit!"

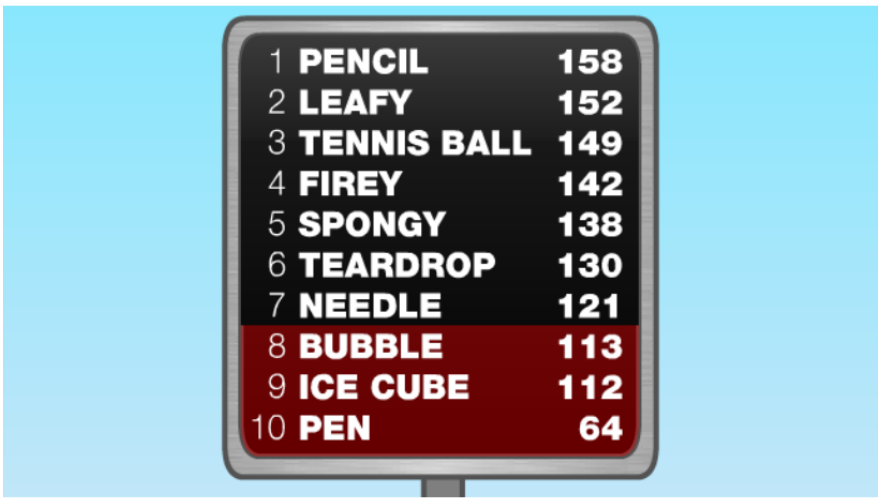
"Haha. Yes, I put real vomit in there this time, just for you."

"You are SADISTIC! think I'm going to be sick..."

"Well, if you need to throw up, you already know where to do it."

"Shut up!!"

Approximately half an hour later, the Announcer turned on his TV screen. "Now that the taco contest has been wrapped up, here are the final scores for today's episode."



"In the danger zone are Bubble, Ice Cube, and Pen, which means the voting will only be between the three of them. So viewers..."

While he rattled off to the voters, Pencil studied the scores carefully. She'd been miffed earlier about being robbed of her 60 points, but that annoyance quickly went away after seeing she was still in first. Despite Bubble's low score, Pencil knew she'd be safe from the elimination — after all, in the first run of the show, Bubble had made

it to the finals.

Yet... Match's elimination was making her slightly paranoid. Remembering that bowling would be next episode's contest, she resolved to make sure Bubble wouldn't completely botch her throw when the time came. And she'd have to be strategic about who she removed points from-

"Pencil?"

"Eek!!" the woodsicle shrieked, jumping a few inches and startling the object next to her in turn. She'd been so lost in thought that she hadn't even heard Needle approaching. "What? What do you want?"

Now looking a little frazzled, Needle spoke. "Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you. But..." She glanced around furtively. "I need to speak to you in private. Can we get away from the others for a minute?"

Once again, Pencil was completely thrown off by this statement. "Um. Sure?"

"Great, follow me."

They wordlessly began to walk across the endless grassy plains. Internally, Pencil tried to figure out what exactly was going on. *Needle wasn't normally still in the game at this point in BFDI, so it makes sense that she'd do a few things I wouldn't predict. But why's she talking to *me?* We've barely ever interacted, even in the past-future. Is this about how I treated Ice Cube? Or about Match's elimination?*

Her mind continued to wander until Needle suddenly halted, forcing her to stop as well. They were definitely out of earshot of everybody else, and probably out of sight from any hidden cameras. "Alright, what's this about?" Pencil finally questioned, still thoroughly confused.

"I'll get right to the point. I know you're from the future, Pencil."

The woodsicle's heart skipped a beat. "S-sorry?"

"Your team name gave it away. FreeSmart? Really?"

"I... I have no idea what you mean," Pencil bluffed. Had the Announcer told on her?

Needle appeared extremely unamused. "It's a play on the word 'freedom.' You didn't want to have a team name that sounded 'dumb,' so you changed the end to 'smart.'"

Pencil's mouth went dry. "In two episodes," continued Needle, "there's a surprise debut, and David is the one to join the game. Firey wins Dream Island, but Leafy steals it from him before fleeing to Yoyleland. BFDIA is cancelled after episode five, and-"

"Alright, alright!!" Pencil clamped a hand over Needle's mouth, eliciting a glare from the other object. "There's no need to just *yell* it out. Do you want the others to hear?"

There was a muffled protest, and she removed her hand. "Why do you think I wanted to talk alone? Nobody else knows about this."

"Actually, the Announcer knows about me..."

"What?"

"But he's not going to do anything about it. Apparently, it'll just 'make the competition more interesting.'"

"That... huh. That actually sounds like him."

"Yeah."

The following silence was almost awkward, as the conversation's direction had been derailed slightly. "So." Pencil was the first to speak up again. "You didn't answer my question. What exactly is this about?"

"Right, right." Needle cleared her throat. "I want to extend the offer of an... alliance."

She let that word hang heavily in the air. It was quite a loaded word, after all, at least in the context of the knowledge they both possessed. Despite that, though, Pencil thought about the offer seriously. It was honestly very enticing — Needle could fill any gaps in her memory

with her own knowledge of the competition. Pencil had gotten eliminated eventually, after all. Together, the two of them could dominate. And on top of all that, her current alliance had just lost a member.

However... in the back of her mind, she knew it couldn't work. They were both quite competitive. It would only be a matter of time before they'd go for each other's throats, and the alliance would shatter. But that wasn't it. There was something else.

"Do you trust me, Needle?" she asked suddenly. "Because these sorts of relationships are built on trust. And I'm getting the feeling that there's something you're not telling me."

Needle started. She clearly hadn't expected the question, so for a brief moment, her facial features gave everything away. "I knew it!" Pencil crowed. "You *are* hiding something! And if you don't think you can trust me, then I don't think I can trust YOU."

The sewing implement regained control of her expressions, and her current one hardened. "I *would* have explained everything had you accepted my proposal. What would *you* know about trust, anyway?"

"Plenty!"

"I'd think Book, Ice Cube, and especially Bubble from our time would disagree."

Pencil inhaled sharply. "Think very carefully about the next words that come out of your mouth."

Needle said nothing, choosing to cross her arms and stare coldly at her instead.

"That's what I thought." The woodsicle abruptly rotated on her heels and started walking back to where the other contestants resided. It was already getting late — the sun was dipping towards the horizon. "Just don't get in my way," she called over her shoulder, not bothering to turn around.

Neither of them would sleep very easily that night.

the plan was originally to release this on christmas along with a new *Overtaken* chapter but I never completed the OT chapter, oh well (hopefully soon? we'll see)

merry belated christmas anyway :)

BFDI 16: Bowling, Now With Plot Twists!

April 1st, 2011

"Let's get down to business. We will go in alphabetical order. So Bubble is first."

Pencil rubbed her hands together with glee. *Thirty points per bowling pin makes a LOT of points to subtract. This should be fun. But first things first.* She turned to Bubble and started to say, "Now, Bubble, I know you aren't great at bowling, but-"

She froze, her eyes bulging in disbelief as Bubble's bowling ball rolled off the platform's edge and hit the ground below with a dull *thunk*. "Oio, sorry, Pencil," Bubble apologized, turning towards her friend. "Whoit were you going to soiy?"

Pencil inhaled deeply, taking several seconds, then let it out. "Never mind."

Everybody else's turns went pretty smoothly. Firey's and Leafy's were the same, obviously (ten and three respectively). Pencil managed to score two more pins than she had the first time around (for a total of seven), which she was pretty satisfied with. Needle scored a strike. And while Teardrop didn't get all the pins, eight of them were obliterated after she spun in place faster and faster and eventually launched the ball at Mach 1. The other contestants made a mental note not to underestimate her after that.

And before they knew it, it was already time to ruin their fellow competitors' scores.

Pencil slid forwards once Leafy had gotten her equality. "Pencil, with 7 pins, you can subtract 210 points," informed the Announcer. "What do you want?"

"50 points each off of Tennis Ball, Firey, and Spongy. They're too far ahead. And..." She briefly considered draining several of Needle's points, to make a point. (As if the aforementioned object wasn't already pointy enough.) But her sensible side told her that actively making enemies would only hinder her. So she continued, "...and 15 points from everyone else except me and Bubble."

"What?" TB complained from the sidelines. "But you didn't take 50 points from *Leafy,* and she's in second place!"

"That's because I consider Leafy a close friend."

"Aw, thanks!"

The Announcer picked up where he had left off. "Moving on, it's your turn, Teardrop. You can remove 240- oh!" He paused as TD placed a sheet of paper in front of him. "Looks like she already has it ready. Nice initiative. Let's see..."

He placed a giant reading monocle over his speaker, causing several of the contestants to crack up. "All 89 of Tennis Ball's points-"

"Oh, come on!"

"-81 from Firey-"

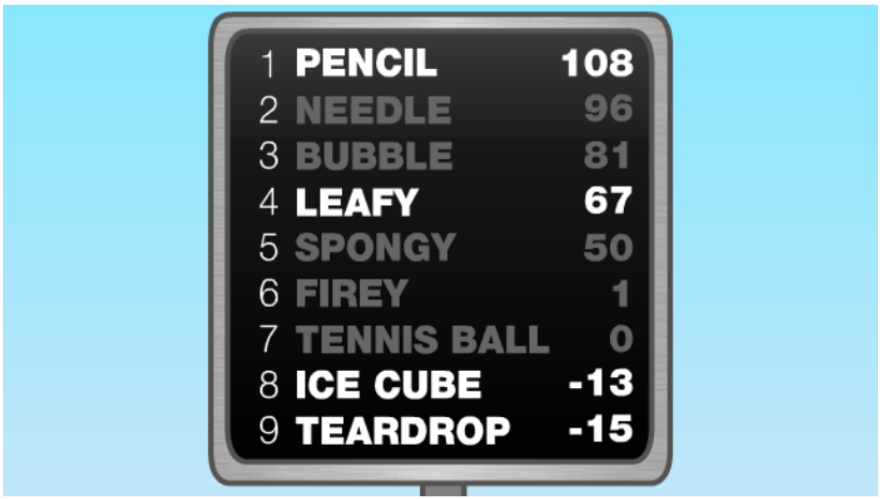
"What?? But that leaves me at ONE point!!"

"-28 from Spongy, 22 from Bubble, and 20 from Leafy." The host's monocle disappeared. "Consider it done. Firey and Needle, since you both got strikes, you can each subtract 300 points from whoever you please. Firey first."

Firey's flame seemed to grow hotter as he glared at Teardrop. "Well, I was already going to take 100 points each from Teardrop and Ice Cube for being my opposites, but since I now have a *single* point, I'm taking away an extra 20 from TD!"

The TV *dinged* as the action was completed. "You have 80 points left to subtract."

"That's perfect! I'll take away 40 points off Leafy and Pencil for subtracting my score!"



Inwardly, Pencil groaned. She should have seen that coming. *At least I'm still in first.*

"Finally, it's Needle's turn. You know what to do."

Needle put a hand to her chin, clearly giving everything much though. After several seconds of careful consideration, she had her answer. "Alright. To start, drain all of Spongy's points. Then take 30

from Teardrop, as well as 31 from me."

A confused silence followed her words. The contestants weren't sure they'd heard correctly, and neither was the host. "I'm sorry," he spoke, his inflectionless voice somehow conveying bewilderment. "Did you say you wanted to take away points from yourself?"

"I did."

Nothing more was said as the TV tallied up their scores, and as Pencil tried to decipher Needle's words. Removing points from herself, *and* one of her close friends? Was she TRYING to impair herself?

But Needle wasn't finished. "And with my remaining points.." She looked Pencil dead in the eyes. "...I want to set Bubble and Pencil's scores to zero."

The woodsicle's mouth dropped open in pure shock. Two *dings* emitted from the TV's speakers as their numbers were changed. "Huh. You had... exactly the right amount of points left to do that," commented the Announcer. "Very precisely calculated. Anyway, that's it for today's contest. Here are your current scores..."

"Quite the brutal contest. Only three of you actually have points now, and Firey barely even qualifies for that."

"Oh, shut up!"

Pencil heard none of this. Tunnel vision dominated her gaze, focusing on the big fat zero next to her name on the scoreboard. Sure, there were only two more contests left where points would matter. But

Pencil had been willing to (mostly) leave Needle alone had the sewing tool left *her* alone. Now she'd painted a target on her back. She wished she had removed more of Needle's score when she had the chance.

Rage starting to set in, she stomped over to Needle and stuck a finger in her face. "You'll be sorry you did that," she growled. "You've just made a powerful enemy."

Needle swiped her finger aside. "I offered an alliance. *You* were the one who declined. Besides, you're not much of a threat."

"Don't underestimate me, *Needy."*

Anger flashed across Needle's face, and the last thing Pencil remembered before blacking out was a hand zooming towards her.

CHECK IT OUT I GOT COOL GIFS FOR SOME OF THE SCORES

thank you michael and cary for making all the bfdi flas public

this was the last pre-written chapter, so next one may take a while longer. depends mostly on motivation (as always)

BFDI Double Feature #2! (Eps. 18 and 19)

BFDI 18: Already Revealed

June 1st, 2011

"No!" Pencil gasped as the show's newest budget cut tore everybody's scores up into two digits. Normally this wouldn't have been too terrible. But for Pencil, the change was particularly devastating, as her previous score of 100 was immediately reduced to zero, effectively knocking her into last place. *Not again,* she thought miserably.

Then something struck her. *Needle did this. She KNEW when taking away all my points in episode 16 that I'd just lose them all again this time. The only way I could have avoided that would have been to intentionally get third place last challenge...*

Well, she's gonna have to try a little harder than THAT. Pencil clenched her hands into fists, fueled by determination. *I REFUSE to let this contest be my downfall again.*

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath to calm down. "Pencil?" a familiar voice asked. "Oire you okay?"

Opening her eyes, she saw that Bubble had approached her. "Meh. I'm just... annoyed at my score."

"Oh, roight." Bubble glanced at the scoreboard. "That sucks. Soirry about that."

Pencil noticed suddenly that Bubble seemed a little off as well. The soapy sphere was a fraction less cheery than she usually was. If they weren't so close, she probably wouldn't have seen the change at all.

No time to worry about that now. I've got a staring contest to win.

The first rounds (which, seeing as how there were only eight participants, were technically the quarterfinals) flew by quickly. Everything went as Pencil remembered, with the only difference being Needle against Teardrop rather than Ice Cube against Rocky.

A shame Needle lost, she thought as she stepped into the ring for Round 2. Across from her, Teardrop was already tapping her foot impatiently. *I would've relished beating her here. At least I can humiliate her friend instead!*

"Ready," spoke the Announcer. "Set. Go."

The two girls locked gazes, and the intensity of the surrounding area suddenly increased. Everyone watching could almost feel the air crackling with energy. And it wasn't even the final yet.

While she stared, Pencil became more and more impressed with her opponent's ferocity. *I forgot how much of a challenge beast Teardrop was in BFB.* She cast her mind back to that time she'd binged the entirety of season four, long after both it and TPOT had ended. *No wonder she's still competing in this altered timeline. I'm curious now: how far would she have gotten in the normal timeline, if she had survived her original elimination?*

For a split second, her confidence and composure wavered. *I have no idea how good she is at staring. Could she be... better than me?*

Something of this newfound doubt must have briefly shown on her face, because Teardrop suddenly leapt forwards and immediately backwards again, faking an attack. Pencil yelped in utter surprise and took a step back. The other contestants gasped as her eyelids twitched.

But her eyes remained open. "Oh, you're a sneaky one," she muttered, thoroughly irritated. "I'll have to keep an eye on you."

Teardrop smiled devilishly and stuck her tongue out. Pencil simply gritted her teeth and set her gaze, not returning the smile. No more fooling around.

"Pencil wins."

The woodsicle let out a sigh of relief, careful to not make it very obvious. After all these years, she still had it in her to out-stare anyone who dared challenge her.

But there was still one opponent to take down. As Teardrop (who was clearly a little miffed) hopped off the ring to let Bubble and David have their match, Pencil began to do some quick calculations in her head. *Firey and Spongy are stuck in the danger zone no matter what. Bubble's going to have 40 points to her name when she loses, and the second place prize is 30 points, so whoever places second is going up for elimination.* A small chill ran down her graphite spine. *That means I have to win this whole contest *again* if I want to survive.*

Her rational side said that she'd be fine. After all, nobody could outstare the mighty Pencil! If she'd done this once before, who's to say that she couldn't win again? Plus, the match against Teardrop had taken some considerable time, which meant less time until sunrise.

However, her paranoid side (who's voice had grown considerably louder after Needle played her hand) supplied her with unhelpful thoughts. *What if I blink this time? What if I get eliminated because of the same contest twice? What if I screw up my second chance at winning Dream Island?*

The match between Bubble and David had already concluded. Pencil tried her best to shake off her negative feelings as she pulled herself into the ring, mostly ready to face David once more.

But the doubts still lingered.

Fortunately, they wouldn't linger for long.

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BFDI 19: Re-rescission
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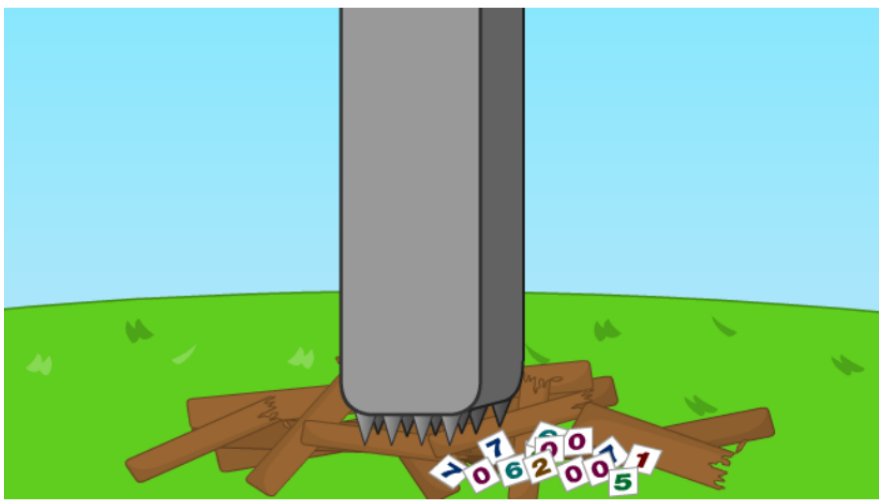
July 1st, 2011

"Every point you currently have is traded for one teddy bear."

The seven remaining contestants suddenly found themselves buried by a plethora of stuffed animals (except Spongy, who only had five points previously).

"...but reaching the final seven also means a new stage in the game. Which is no more points."



"The nineteenth contest is a unicycle race. The first three people to finish the course will receive immunity. The rest will be up for elimination. Go."

With barely any warning, Pencil was deposited onto a unicycle and immediately fell over. The fact that everyone else also seemed to be struggling gave her a little satisfaction.

As she righted her unicycle and tried again, she remembered that she'd have to be a little more careful from now on. Not just while riding a precariously-balanced, one-wheeled contraption (although she had no practice with that, either) — everything that happened now was almost completely new to Pencil. Sure, Bubble had told her what all the remaining contests were in the past (future?), but Pencil hadn't actually experienced them for herself. She didn't know the details. And that's what worried her.

What's more, there was still Needle to worry about (and possibly Teardrop, simply because she seemed to be a challenge beast at times).

There was no time to dwell on that, though. Leafy had already managed to start plummeting down a ridiculously tall cliff face, but everyone else seemed to be getting the hang of their unicycles. Pencil quickly (but carefully) wobbled over to Bubble and shouted, "Come on, Bubs! We gotta make it before the others do!"

"Roight!" They began their descent down a slope that probably wasn't actually very steep, but any incline on a unicycle seemed steeper than it was.

Pencil exhaled when the ground flattened out, only to lose the rest of her breath in her lungs when she toppled into a deviously-placed pit. Bubble tumbled next to her, somehow managing to avoid getting popped. "Ow," wheezed the woodsicle once her breath returned. "Why... why didn't you... tell me about that... before?"

"How was Oi supposed to know??"

"That's not what I-"

She stopped as a loud *CRASH* came from above them, followed by an all-too-familiar screaming. Spongy landed face-first just ahead, nearly squashing the two girls, and Firey bounced off him only to hit the pit's opposite wall. "Ha, ha. What a failure!" the Announcer taunted.

Bubble pulled Pencil to her feet just as Needle zoomed past. She landed atop Spongy, but unlike Firey, she soared gracefully into the air and actually cleared the pit entirely, crossing the finish line with a

flourish. "What!" exclaimed Pencil in disbelief.

"Needle, you finished first, so you get immunity," congratulated the Announcer. Needle claimed her immunity ticket with obvious glee.

"Grr!!" Now annoyed, Pencil leapt back onto her unicycle and pulled Bubble towards the end of the pit. They grabbed the top of the wall at the same time Firey did, and it immediately became crowded. "Watch it, Firey! You're gonna kill us!"

"Worth it if I can get immunity!"

Pencil turned to make a scathing remark and something caught her eye. She kept turning to see Teardrop racing towards them atop her own cycle, wearing a devilish grin. She realized that TD was about to attempt the same thing Needle had done — use Spongy as a bouncing pad. If that succeeded, then either Pencil or Bubble wouldn't be able to get immunity.

Unless...

An idea struck her. But before she had any time to consider whether it would actually work or not, TD reached the pit and hit Spongy like a bullet. Pencil reacted without thinking. As the droplet flew past — inches away from Pencil's face — the writing utensil reached up and grabbed Teardrop's unicycle by the wheel, before yanking her towards Firey as hard as she could. TD slammed into him and he screamed, the collision of fire and water killing them both. "Teardrop!!" cried Needle in distress.

Pencil didn't waste any more time. She hauled herself up across the finish line, then reached back and pulled a stunned Bubble over to her as well. "In an impressive display of elements, Pencil and Bubble manage to score the last immunities for this contest," came the usual monotone commentary. "Would you two like to see a magic trick?"

"Only if that trick is bringing Teardrop back!" complained Needle.

"Then you're in luck." With a *poof,* Leafy, Spongy, Teardrop, and Firey reappeared next to the host. "Needle, since you finished first, you get another reward. You get to choose a fourth person to have—"

"Teardrop!"

"Well okay then. So that leaves Firey, Leafy, and Spongy up for elimination."

Pencil closed her eyes and decided to take a nap. Teardrop had been heavier than she'd expected.

never making another fucking scoreboard again lmao